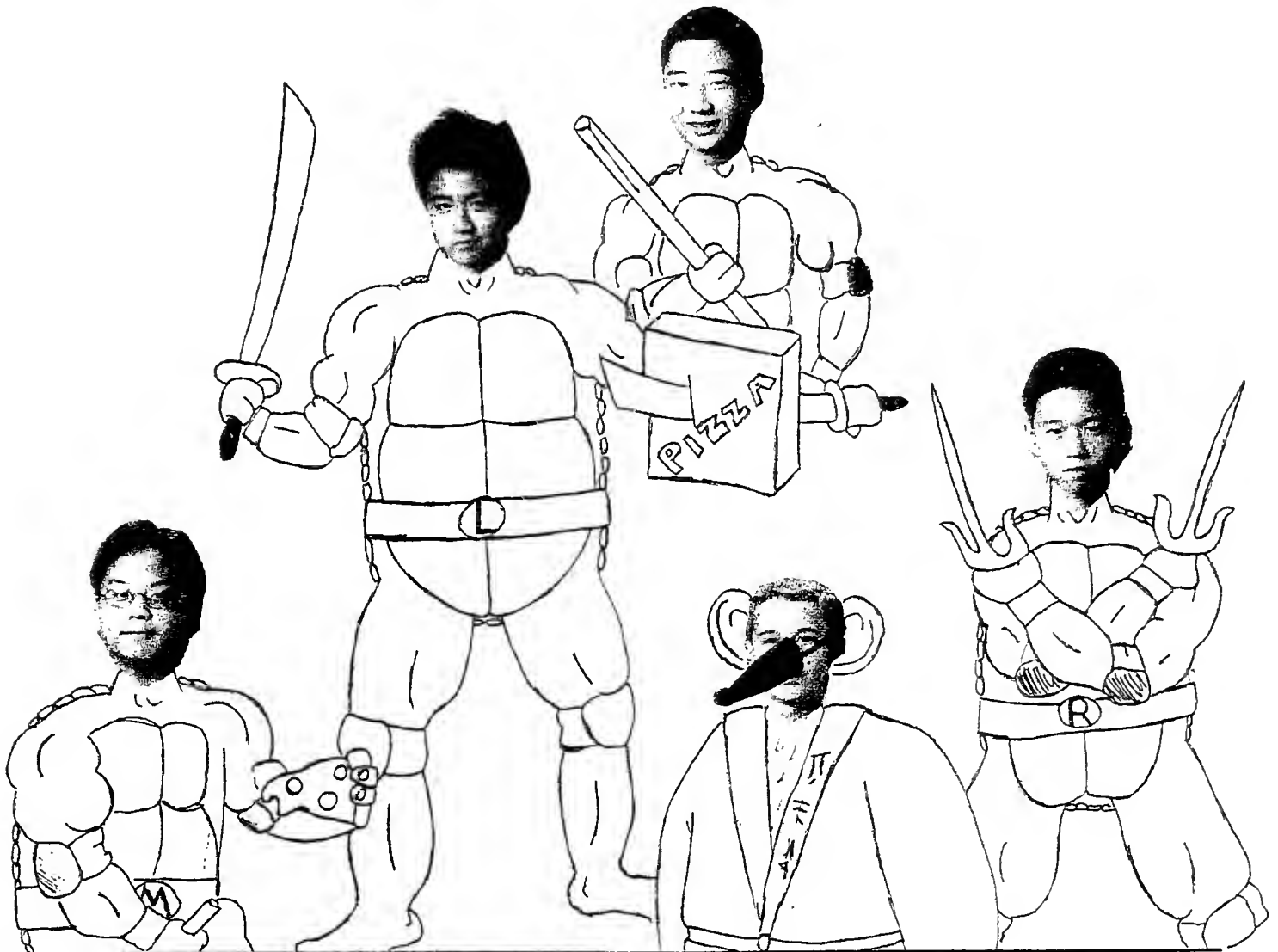

THE SELWYN PROBE

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA

TURTLES



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SENIOR SLUMP

What the heck is going on? School has suddenly gotten insanely hard. No more A's and B's my grades have fallen quicker than Pamela's breasts without implants. Every course, with the exception of History, bless Mr. Nicoll, has taken a turn for the worse. Before I blamed it on my involvement with the senior school play, now I have no such scapegoat, I can only blame the school or myself. So then it's the school's fault. To be honest, I don't think I'm working less than in previous terms, in fact, I feel I'm devoting more time to school than ever before (notice how I didn't say I'm actually working more). It just seems that all the courses have gotten harder at the same time. Gone are the times when I could coast into a math exam and expect to pass, much less get a decent grade. Gone are the days when chemistry was just common sense, and Lordy, even the once sacred physics tests, have actually gotten hard(er).

This stuff about how seniors start giving up just isn't really true. Personally, I think the courses have accounted for a lot of the bad grades that have been affecting our classes. The fact that seniors don't care much anymore

doesn't help the situation. English is the perfect example. With the return of our critical essays, most students were sorely disappointed with their averages, (not that that is at all unusual for Ms Biggs' class). The marks for these essays seemed to have gone down in most cases from those of the term before. I'm assuming that our writing hasn't deteriorated much from last fall, so then it must be the grading that has gotten tougher. I'm also excluding effort in this assessment because in English especially, what you end up writing usually has little to do with how much you try or how much time you put in.

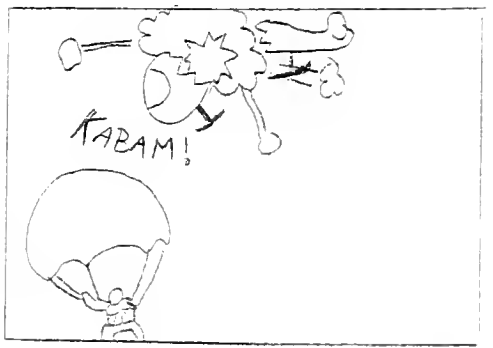
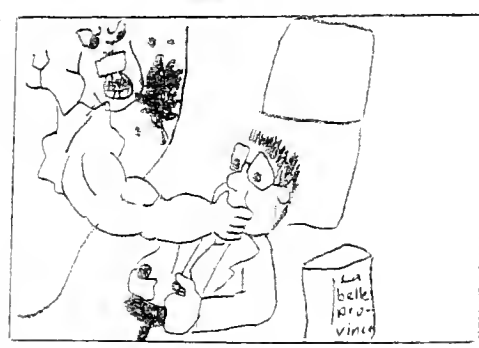
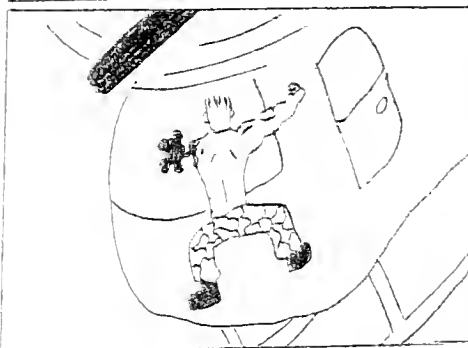
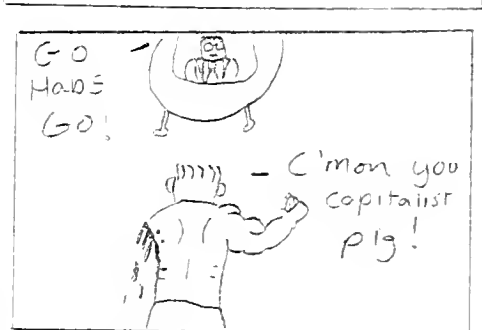
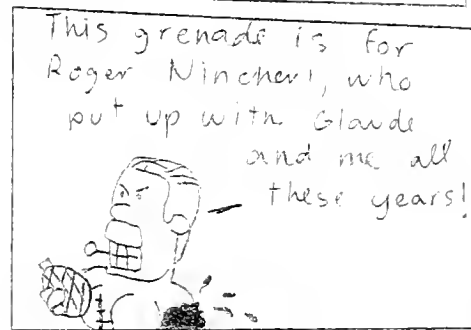
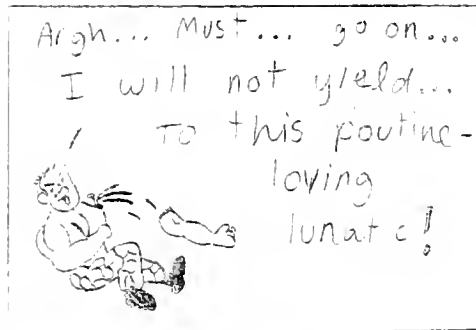
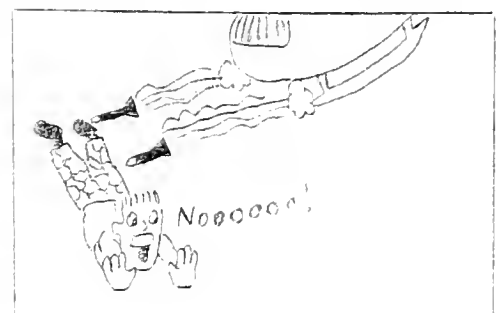
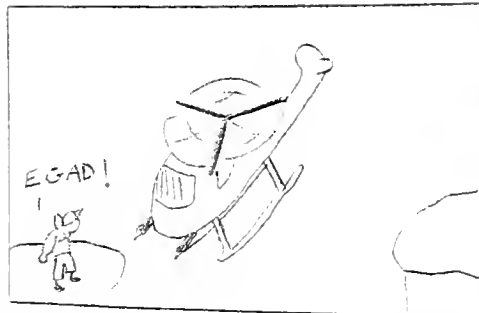
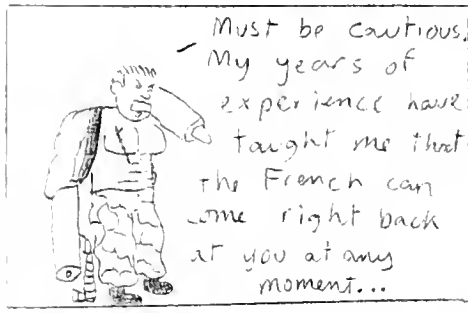
Anyway, it's too bad, it seems a shame to finish school on a sour note, but hey, what's the problem? I'll drown my sorrows (and my liver) at grad. It's all good !

- AB (not my grades)

Editor's Note: Alex has not mentioned French in this article, for he has never, and will never do well in French class.

SHS GRUDGE MATCH

Mr. Nicoll vs. M. Glaude - World War III



Shut up and put this down: "The winner is Mr. Nicoll!"

CONTRACTIONAL OBLIGATION ARTICLE

Well, it's ten o'clock on a Thursday night and I'm staring at a blank screen. However, Sasha's threats on my life

seem to be getting more serious of late, so I figure I better write an article before I lose both. I figure I'll start with something somewhat serious (for the sole reason that I'm really not very funny) and briefly address everybody's favourite Star Wars spewing Prime Minister ("You knows, for me, I figures, back in the Shawinigan dollhouse, er, doghouse, dat I always thinks, you knows, that de force, it should be wit you, eh?") and his current trip to the Middle East. The first question that arises is: what the heck he was doing there anyway? For those of you who have been in a coma the last few days (or who have a life, unlike yours truly), Chretien managed to support Palestinian separatists, give the Sea of Galilee to Israel, and say that he doesn't know the difference between East, North, South, or West Jerusalem- and all in a modest three day's work. Needless to say, the Palestinians, Israelites, and Syrians are all outraged (or at least they would have been had they understood what he said or even remotely cared about the opinion of the Prime Minister of Canada, a country whose one soldier is still off covering up evidence in Somalia). Many political commentators have proclaimed that Jean is stupid, idiotic, inept, mentally unstable, and, in general, is a doofus. I, however, believe I have found a much more rational explanation: Paul Martin has been writing all his speeches.

Now on to more serious matters: St. Louis over Toronto in five, MVP to Chris Pronger (he does play for the Blues, doesn't he?).

To add what I hope will be a dash of humour to this hackneyed article, I will now present my first instalment of **Conversations**, a look at the inner workings

of the minds of Selwyn students and teachers alike. These dialogues are purely a figment of my perverse imagination, are not intended to offend anyone (except Frankel; everything offends him), and are in fact my twisted way of showing my respect to some of my favourite teachers (Editor's Note: what he said). This week: **The Wearing Dialogues.**

1) Wearing: That's a juicy slice o' ham you got there, Wilner.

Wilner: First of all, sir, this is a watermelon. Second of all, I'm kosher.

Wearing: Oh. I don't like cheese either.

2) Wearing: Faris, **SHUT UP!!!**

Trudeau: Sir, I'm Sean.

Wearing: I don't care what you're name is! But if you see Faris, tell him to shut up.

3) Wearing: Gaty, are you the author of your article?

Me: Uh, noooo.

Wearing: Good. If you know who is, tell him he has a detention. And, Gaty, don't do it again.

Next week: L'infinitisement bon et aimable Mr. Glaude.

I leave you with a thought: You jerks who hit me non-stop with snowballs the last few days, you can all sod off! (Except for Mr. Cowans, who was clearly trying to hit Wilner and just has bad aim)

By: Adrian Gaty

PREFECT PROFILES

Hello everybody, here's the latest news on your prefects. Other than organizing the Spring Ball and finding dates for grade 11 graduation, the prefects have had a rather relaxing time. Therefore, I decided to (once again) tape their first prefect meeting after the holiday. It wasn't very shocking. Most of the conversation (or at least the part fit to publish) was about their break.

"Welcome back guys! I went to Whistler. It was awesome! Did you guys notice my tan?" (Munzar)

"You mean your goggle tan. Yeah, you could tell that you went skiing." (Spencer)

"I was talking about the tan line on my chest." (Munzar)

"I went to Greece. I met the greatest superstar my country has ever known, Yanni. He gave me a piece of his beard." (Tsoukas)

"Yeah, that's exactly what you need Orestes, more hair." (Adler)

"I went to California, to visit some schools that I applied into." (Sadaka)

"Hey, I was meaning to ask you about that. Were you accepted?" (Chernin)

"No, I was rejected at both schools. I really didn't think I would get in, so it's no surprise. But I got them back. I got them back good. I sent them eleven Will Smith CD's, except I erased all the music from them. They won't be able to enjoy his silky smooth, black rhythm. Woohoo ha, ha, ha!" (Sadaka)

"Wow, you're evil. Come on, doesn't anyone want to see my chest? I have

nipple hair!" (Munzar)

"I do! Is it as curly as Yanni's?" (Tsoukas)

Editors note: Yanni is not Greece's greatest export. That dubious honour goes to pita bread.

"No, Munzar! Keep your shirt on! I visited grand old England during the break. It was a six hour flight. But there was lots of scenery on the way." (Spencer)

"Uh, Ben, didn't you fly over the ocean?" (Adler)

"Yeah, but the waves were choppy and the clouds were white." (Spencer)

"Yuck, yuck, yuck! This stuff's gold." (Me from under the table)

"What the heck was that? Look! Sasha's under our table! And he's taping us!" (Chernin)

"That's right boys! Now the entire Selwyn community, or at least the three that read **The Probe**, will know your dirty secrets." (Me)

"Oh, no! My tan line!!" (Munzar)

"Yanni's greasy locks!!" (Tsoukas)

Well that's all she said. Uneventful, but interesting nonetheless.

Sasha A. Mandy

Miso Unsatisfied

A sojourn into Japanese food

On Saturday, my family and I went out for dinner. We had decided on Baton Rouge, because nothing beats juicy, fall of the bone ribs. However, it being a Saturday night, (what, don't you have dinner with your family on Saturday nights?) the place was packed. They told us it would be a 25 minute wait. Since I hadn't eaten in three days, (diet/anorexia) we decided to go someplace else. Yamoto's, a Japanese restaurant, was right around the corner. To my surprise, it was emptier than Seb's annual "Kiss me and win" contest.

After being escorted to our table by an ugly waitress, we sat down to a boiling pot of famous green tea. I never really liked tea, so I didn't have any. My parents told me to try sushi. "Sushi," I exclaimed, "what is that, some sort of Japanese cheese?" They told me that it was raw fish. "Raw fish!? You're trying to tell me the Japanese eat raw fish, ha! Next you'll try to tell me that the Japanese waged war early this century against the world and that they were led by a megalomaniac emperor who sacrificed millions of lives for the sake of honour. Yeah, nice try mom!"

Anyway, I settled on a meal called shogun. It's a feast for one comprised of three entrees, a main course and dessert. The first entree was a sushi platter. Ah yes, the moment of zen. I didn't really enjoy it. Basically, sushi is slabs of various fish rapped in rice and you can dip it in soy sauce. The second entree was fried cucumber, squash and crab served with rice. The crab was deeeelish! The third platter was (surprise, surprise) rice, wrapped in a

rice paddy served with rice pudding as gravy. Surprisingly, it tasted like rice.

My main course was teriyaki chicken served with chop suey. The chicken was exquisite and I didn't touch the suey. Dessert was pineapple and orange ice cream. Oranges and pineapples in Japan are as rare as a laugh at Seb's annual "Laugh with/at me" festival.

I asked the waitress what the "miso" in miso soup means. She told me that it was just a name, nothing more, nothing less. This perplexed me so I asked, "Are you from Japan?"

"Oh yes," she responded.

"I see. What part of Japan are you from, per say?"

"Mainly Beijing. My family from Shanghai."

"Riiight. Can we have our cheque please?"

In conclusion, stick with ribs. Although not very interesting, they won't leave you vomiting in your toilet for three hours.

Bon appetit!

Sasha A. Mandy

SELWYN BASEBALL, A REVIEW

As a member of this year's Selwyn baseball team, I have studied the players during practice to determine what kind of talent, or lack of talent we may have. I have drawn the conclusion that our best players are Chris Brown and Sasha Mandy, known by some of you if you have seen his "movies" videos as Candy Cane. These are our two "Big guns." Mandy is a good pitcher with average speed but he makes up for his mediocre speed with accuracy. Brown is just a big freak who spazzes at everyone. Not much different than when he is in school. Then there is Josh Mitchell, his motto "Play hard, eat harder," so not much there. There is also adored prefect Daniel Adler a.k.a Nads, Nadler or Nadlorious any one will suffice. Nads as his "good" friends call him is a fairly talented defensive player and intimidates with his fierce sideburns, much like myself. Our coach Mr.

Mitchell knows what he is doing and has shown this by molding players like Hayden into amazing talents....cough, cough!. Cercone is the newest grade 11 addition and looks to have a promising season. Hopefully he won't be allergic to the grass and the dirt so he can play. Finally I review myself, without a doubt the best of the worst. The only thing I have going is my facial hair which people see and say "Hammer you need to shave." This however is the most underrated talent for I see fear in those unhairy faces when they look into my eyes and I think to myself "How I could crush you, you puny unhairy man. Hahaha you are just another obstacle in my path for world terroris..." Riiiiight got carried away. So there you have it folks, a quick review of most of the team or at least the people who count.

Eric Hamza

PROBE Q & A

Q1: Why doesn't my girlfriend get in when I go clubbing?

-Ed "floggin' on the noggin" Morin

A1: Because she's nine. Now our question for you is, why haven't you been arrested yet?

Editor's Note: We know it's way out of date but we thought of the question a long time ago and couldn't quite bring ourselves to take it out.

Q2: The school year is coming to an end and students are starting to take it easy; not to mention, your last issue really sucked. Can't you guys take a hint?

-Burn in Hell Editors

A2: We like to think that our loyal readers truly appreciate the *Probe*. And besides, you smile.

Q3: What makes you guys tick?

-Danny Su

A3: Four gallons of coffee each, and electroshock therapy.

Q4: Hey guys, how did grad go after the entrée?

-Tim "can't hold his liquor" Ho

A4: Great, Tim! Just ask Josh to tell you all about it.



The math test was hard—too hard. You can get most of the questions, but one—the one worth half the marks, of course—eludes you. No one else seems to be having any problems; they're all writing away. They know the answer—you don't. What's a head prefect to do?

Time was running out, and the solution was still out of your hands. Damn. Two minutes left—and your average depends on this one problem. Your hands started to shake, involuntarily, and you kept fumbling with the buttons on your calculator. If only there was more time! But no—half the class was already finished, and Mr. Lumsden already is announcing the two-minute warning. Damn.

And then, it hits you—you have to adjust the limits of the integral, now that you've used trigonometric substitution, and then take the anti-derivative! The problem is completed with ease, and is now awaiting correction—even though you know it's right.

Back in the locker room, the screwdriver wearing away the last effects of panic, Mandy approached you. "Easy test, huh?"

You smiled. "Yeah, easy."

You took one last sip, and decided to have another one—why not?

To celebrate.

Absolut Munzar



Why has Munzar been spending
so much time in the Chem Lab
lately?

SELWYN INDEX

1. Number of crimes against humanity committed in Munzar's house at the Spring Ball after party: 7
2. Number of them committed by Brown: 3
3. Number of pounds of gummy bears at Tara's: 6
4. Number of pounds of gummy bears that were thrown or discarded at Tara's: 6
5. Number that were eaten anyway: 2 (Munzar's fifteen second rule)
6. Number of Physics papers Alex needed to get caught up: 12
7. Number of Physics papers it took Munzar to convince us to leave his other excesses out of the index: 12
8. Number of fights between Tyler and Julian this term: 1

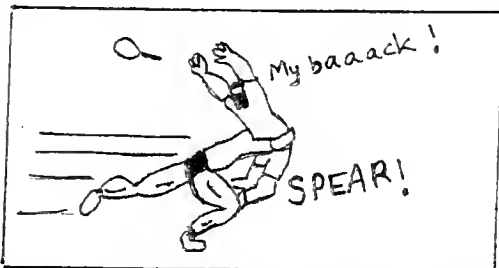
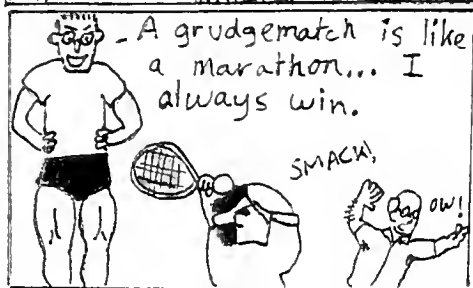
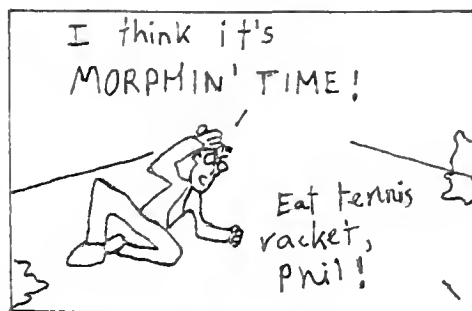
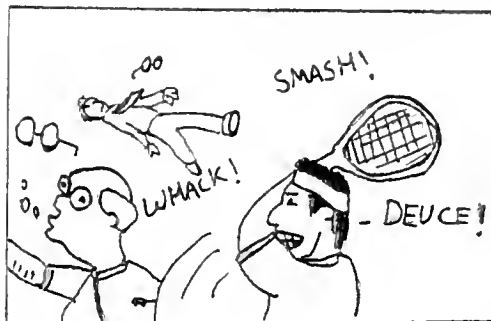
SELWYN INDEX

SHS GRUDGE MAT

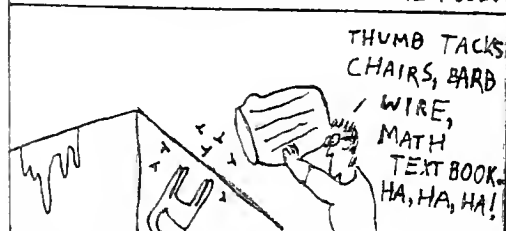
MATH MAYHEM!!!

BY TOWES

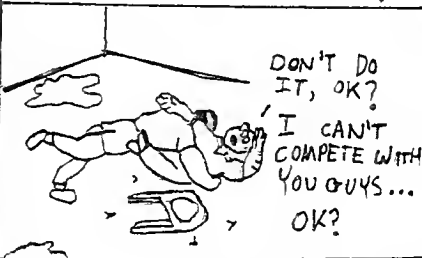
Litvack vs. Lumsden vs. Glasspoole Glass pool match!!!



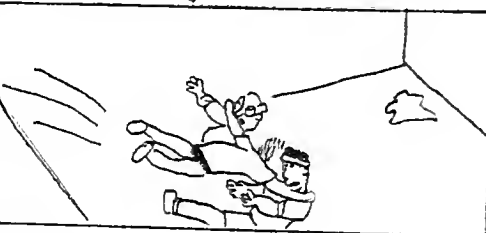
GLASSPOOLE, hardcore at heart, is throwing some "toys" into the pool!



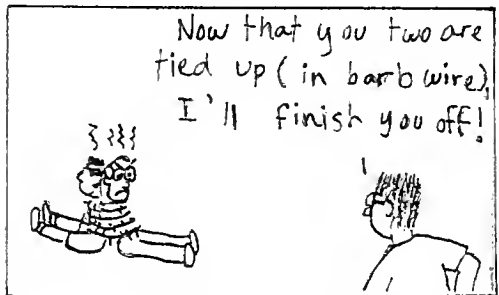
ROCK BOTTOM ON THE CHAIR!



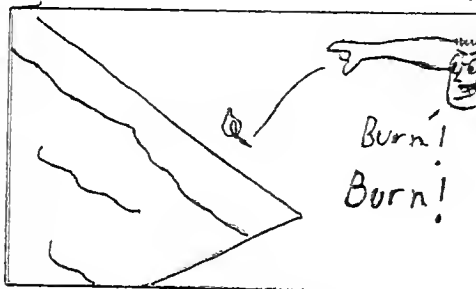
DIVING DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE BY GLASSPOOLE!



Now that you two are tied up (in barb wire), I'll finish you off!



Things are about to heat up!



What? It's Mr. Cude!!!!



Winner: Mr. Cude?



SAS GRUDGEWATCH

By Tokes

FRENCH FRENZY

Mme. Rocheleau vs. Mme. Rassmussen vs. Mme. Allard-Coutu vs. Mme. Werbiski



SHS GUILLOTINE

Mr. Moffat takes on all comers

By: Tokes



So it was just a dream...

Or was it?

Winner : Mr. Moffat

